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The New Donation

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'Not anything!' Miss Pamela Flint stood irresolutely holding the door knob, her fingers opening and shutting in sheer nervousness. 'You don't mean—that!'

'No-o; not exactly. I may give something, but as for making donations the way we've been doing for years—I'm tired and sick of it. Not for myself; of course you understand that—but for the minister. Sit down a minute; do not go!' and Mrs. Maxwell pushed a chair invitingly towards her morning caller.

'Only for a minute—I've got ten families to see,' looking anxiously at the clock. Then you don't propose'—

'It's this way,' interrupted Mrs. Maxwell, energetically. 'I've given it considerable thought lately—ever since the new minister was appointed. Donations are all right in their way—I mean the spirit of them; but to give a minister packages and packages of prunes (ten to one not any of the family eat them), and rice and crackers, and—well, things they don't care a straw for—and set their own price on them, deducting it from his salary, which, heaven knows, is small enough—it's a shame, a downright imposition.'

She stopped to recover breath.

'I hadn't realized till the Kendalls moved away what it meant. I was over there helping them pack, and you should have seen the stuff we'd donated—nobody could use it. It made me fairly ashamed. I wouldn't have such things in my house; and all the while Mrs. Kendall was so sweet about it.'

'Then you think we'd better not have one?' suggested Pamela, rising.

'I didn't say that. But what I do think is this: If we have a donation, let it be a donation—strictly; not a part (and a principal part at that) of his salary. It stands to reason that they know what they want to live on better than'—She hesitated diplomatically. 'To my thinking the parsonage has furnished a place for our superfluous groceries and things we don't want, long enough.'

'I hadn't looked at it in just that light before,' said Miss Pamela, meekly. 'Perhaps there is something in what you say, after all, come to think of it.'

'I should say there is,' emphatically. 'I wouldn't want to be donated—not the way it's done here, to take the place of part salary, and I'm not afraid to say so. I've kept silence long enough. If the church wants to give a donation, let them give it, and say so! Then, too, one shouldn't live by bread alone,' meaningly.

'Shall I tell folks what you've said—would you be willing?' and Pamela Flint hesitated on the cleanly swept verandah.

'If you think best: I have no objections. I had planned seeing as many of the church people as I could myself; perhaps you can help me.'

'I didn't say one word too much!'

'Twas after her caller had gone, and Mrs. Maxwell was once more with her baking.

'It's only a makeshift for some persons to get rid of paying money—it's the truth. Last year Deacon Hilburn took twenty pounds of popcorn, and charged eight cents a pound for it—could get it anywhere for four and a half! He made so much, and off the minister, too! They are long-suffering mortals—some of them,' and she looked thoughtfully out of the spotlessly curtained window, rolling-pin in hand. 'There's William Tripp—no wonder people call him "Stingy Bill"—did the meanest trick I ever heard of, absolutely the meanest. To haul to the donation half a ton of musty straw; and he knew the minister didn't keep a horse! What'd he want of bedding, at least that kind? And when the salary was being made up at the end of the year, he said he'd paid his—in straw!'

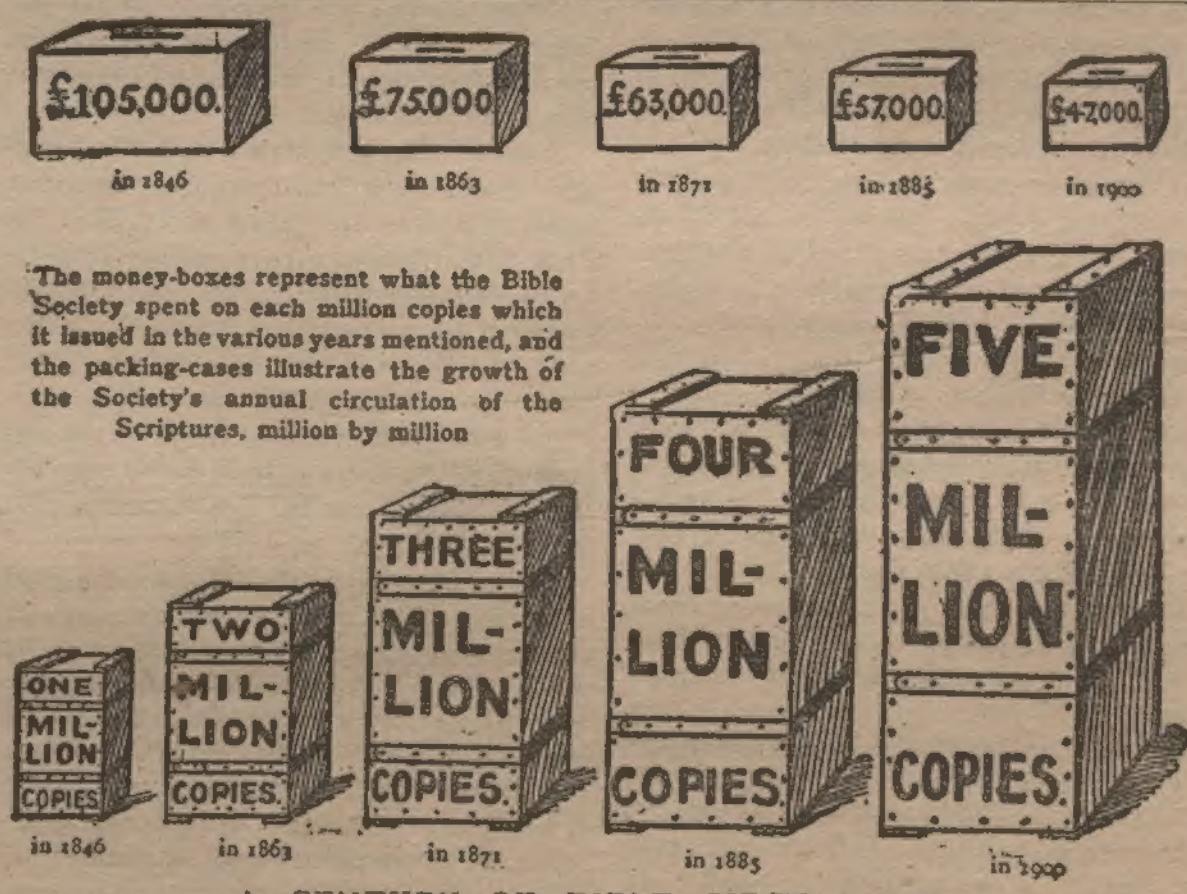
She stopped a moment to reflect.

'No wonder a person feels indignant sometimes, and there are occasions when I don't believe the Lord's going to lay it up against one.'

That week was exceedingly busy for Mrs. Maxwell. By Saturday night—the donation was to be the following Monday—she had seen personally every member of the church, or, at least, the head of every family.

'If it isn't a different kind of a donation this time, I'll miss my guess,' she said, laying aside her wraps, preparatory to getting supper. 'No straw and eight-cent popcorn for this minister! I just told William Tripp what's what, and I guess he understood when I got through. If the women have to do such things, they must, that's all!'

Mrs. Maxwell kept her own counsel regarding the nature of the donation. 'Twas to be a surprise—she didn't know herself all there was in store for Monday night.



The money-boxes represent what the Bible Society spent on each million copies which it issued in the various years mentioned, and the packing-cases illustrate the growth of the Society's annual circulation of the Scriptures, million by million

A CENTURY OF BIBLE CIRCULATION.

In March of this year the British and Foreign Bible Society entered upon its hundredth year, and not the least interesting fact in connection with the Society's remarkable history is the gradual cheapening in the reproduction of the Scriptures which has taken place. Wages and the cost of living have increased to a very large extent; but this has been far more than balanced by the cheapening of material, printing, binding, and transport; so that whereas in 1846 a million copies of the Scriptures cost £105,000, at the present time the same quantity costs only three-sevenths of that sum. The diagrams, which we are enabled to publish by the courtesy of the Society, show at a glance the cost per million copies at the various periods in the history of the organization, and also the annual circulation of the Scriptures in the same representative years. Of course, a large factor in the cheapening process has been the improvement in administration, which may now be said to be almost perfect. The Society's list of versions, which in 1846 contained 138 different languages, to-day includes no fewer than 367 languages and dialects, and every year new demands are made upon the workers of this great organization.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is making a big effort to celebrate its hundredth birthday, and a Centenary Fund of a quarter of a million guineas is to be raised to extend its work at home and abroad. There certainly should be no difficulty in obtaining this sum from the Christian people of the United Kingdom, for, as the Society's monthly organ points out, the South African War cost as much as that each day it lasted; the people of the United States spend twelve times as much as that every week in strong drink; and the smokers of the United Kingdom burn three times as much every fortnight in tobacco.—'Sunday Magazine.'

Only she was confident there'd be a change in some things!'

'I suppose we must be thankful, dear. They mean well, but it is hard at times when you'd like the money—and need it.'

It was early Monday evening, and the new minister and his wife were awaiting their guests, for, of course, they had received numerous 'hints' to be at home.

'I—suppose I ought not to say it even to you, dear, it sometimes seems like treason; but I sort of dread their coming.'

'I know how you feel,' replied the little wife, courageously, 'but we can stand it, John. They think it's showing us great favor—and they're our people, you know. Hark! I believe someone is coming. I hear steps on the walk!'

'Good evening! Is it storming a little? I thought the clouds looked threatening just before supper. Lay your things right off—let me take your hat,' and the genial minister cordially ushered his guest into the comfortable sitting-room.

One after another the members arrived, each one accompanied by some mysterious parcel, of every shape and size imaginable.

Mrs. Maxwell eyed the long paper package William Tripp laid on the table with some suspicion. 'It's most too large to be'—she turned to make room for a friend. 'Oh, well, I musn't judge beforehand.'

After all had arrived, and conversation on ordinary topics had begun to lag—of course everyone was thinking of his part in the minister's surprise—Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Maxwell, and Pamela Flint, the donation committee, went mysteriously into the dining-room. It seemed hours that they were gone to the impatient guests. Brother Franklin nervously fumbled a 'speech' that he kept taking from his coat pocket. He had spent all his spare time for days on its composition.

At length everyone was ready. Mrs. Maxwell nodded to the embarrassed Mr. Franklin.

'We have made an innovation,' he began, impressively, forgetting to address their host, 'which we trust will prove acceptably agreeable. We have varied somewhat our donation this year, as you will presently see. And after careful and thoughtful deliberation we have decided, taking everything into consideration, to give this donation, deducting its value in no way from our salary apportionment.'

The door was then thrown open to the dining-room. On the table lay a few provisions, but only of the choicest brand. Instead of the usual contributions there were books—fine historical and theological works, and three magazines, with a note explaining that they would be monthly visitors throughout the year. There was also one daily with the same provision, some choice music, two tickets to the People's Lecture Course, a gray silk dress pattern—'twas 'Stingy Bill's' donation—and so many, many beautiful and useful things!

The poor little minister's wife was utterly bewildered—the beauty and unexpectedness of it all!

'And I dreaded their coming—almost,' after they had gone. And there were tears in the happy minister's eyes as he spoke: 'They are our people. God abundantly bless and keep them!'

'That's the kind of donation that counts; that'll bear repeating!' 'Twas Mrs. Barrows, a week later, talking over the success of the new donation with Mrs. Maxwell.

'Yes,' slowly. 'Bread is necessary in its place; but it isn't all that fills.'

What You Do Is Done.

What you purpose may fail. What you begin may never be finished. What you leave others to do may remain undone. What you do is done.

A man recently made a will leaving several thousand dollars to orphanages and benevolent causes. Two days later he died. The State law pronounced all charitable bequests void, unless the will was executed thirty days before death. So the good man's will was broken, and the money goes where he did not wish it to go. If he had given the money while living, reserving the income from it during his life, he might have had his wishes carried out.

A man working in the interest of a good cause was called in by a wealthy man and certain properties were transferred to that work. During the giver's life he was to receive an annuity from them. The money was safely invested, and now no lawyers will fatten on it, no prodigals will spend it and there will be no law suits or quarrels over it when the man is gone.

Samuel J. Tilden, a great lawyer, once candidate for the Presidency of the United States, wrote his own will, leaving six or eight million dollars for a public library for the city of New York. This will was broken and the scheme failed.

Peter Cooper executed his own will, founded Cooper Institute, where thousands of young men and women enjoy opportunities which otherwise they might never have had; and Cooper Institute will keep the philanthropist's memory green, while the Tilden Library scheme will serve to point a moral or adorn a tale.

What you do is done; is it not best to go and do what you wish done, and not leave it so that others may hinder or undo it if left to them?—'Common People.'

Christian Literature and Missions.

A missionary went into a school one day, and threw on the table a bundle of pamphlets and papers, and took his seat. Immediately some of the bigger boys rushed forward to take the papers, but he checked them. 'Hold on. Wait a minute. Take your seats.' They did so, and he then said, 'How many of you have the papers I gave you when I was here before?' 'I have, sir.' 'I have, sir.' 'I have.' 'Very good,' said he, 'go home, and bring the papers here.' They went, and came back breathlessly. 'Now,' he said, 'could you tell me what is in that paper?' pointing to one lad. He said, 'Yes,' and he told him all he had read in it. He did that with several other lads. 'Now,' said he, 'can you tell me how it is that you know so much about these pamphlets and papers, when I gave them to you so long ago?' 'Well, it was like this,' one said. 'When you gave us those papers, we went home, and read them to each other on the way home. When we got home, father said, "What have you got there?" I told him, and he said, "Read them to me." Then mother wanted to know what was in them, so I sat and read them to her. And by and by friends came, and they wanted to know what the papers contained. So I read them one by one, so that if I have read the books once, I have read them thirty times.'—'Christian Guardian.'

Postal Crusade.

Cocanada, India, 30-5-'03.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to say that we have not been able to provide the reading-room with any papers out of funds for that purpose, as we have had none, but have had to depend altogether upon the kindness of friends. The Post-Office Crusade of Canada has provided the reading-room with the 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger' during the past year, and I am hopeful that they may continue to do so during this present year. I am enclosing a letter which will explain to you the work we have been doing in the free distribution of papers amongst the English educated young men of this part of India. The 'World Wide' is particularly acceptable to the advanced students, who appreciate its general character and its fine distinction and good taste. It is one of the most appreciated papers that we get, and stands up in the front rank, being in constant demand by men in the College after having passed through the hands of twenty-five to thirty readers in the reading-room. We use it, too, in the editing of a Telugu weekly newspaper, that in its small way is being conducted along the lines of your own publications. I enclose a letter explaining that effort and also a sample copy. We are sorry that it is in a language that makes an exchange with you impossible. The 'Ravi' or 'Sun' is one of three such papers now being issued in South India, on similar lines and in three different language areas. They are really missionary publications, but not denominational or religious, but Christian weeklies, giving the news of the day, discussing all questions that affect the interests of the people, not local but general in their scope, social, domestic, educational in their effort, and widely catholic in their spirit. You will be interested in this movement, I know, for we are attempting to do in and for India just what you have so magnificently done in America with the 'Witness' publications. I was bred on the 'Witness.' Our little girl at Wolfville is being trained in the 'Northern Messenger' school. I am circulating more of the 'Northern Messengers' in India than have ever before found their way to this country. Through the kindness of Mrs. Cole and your own courtesy in helping this movement forward, we have been able to keep up a continuous supply of the 'Messengers' flowing into the homes of the people of India along 1000 miles of the East Coast, and reaching as far inland as Secunderabad. What the new movement will come to I cannot forecast, but at present there is a demand for these papers from all sides.

Yours very truly,

H. F. LAFLAMME.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Prairie Neighbors

('Presbyterian Banner.')

Patty Tone stood with her back to the door-casing stirring something in the big yellow bowl which she held against her side and listening to what was being said by her father and the man who had just come up on horseback. It was early morning, so early that the ranch-house still cast its shadow sharply with some suggestion of coolness in it, though the night had been hot and the sun afloat like a ruddy bubble just over the rim of the horizon foretold a scorching day. Ol' Man Tone sat with his chair tipped back against the wall, placid in a thin haze of tobacco smoke. His gaze had strayed from under the low, vine-fringed eaves of the veranda to a generous rectangle of fresh-springing corn and rested there with the quiet self-satisfaction of one who has sowed with prudence and is not afraid for his harvest. The old dog at his side that had started up at the first sound of hoofs, now sunk heavily to the floor again and lay wrinkling his yellow-tufted brows ungraciously at the early comer.

The man on horseback was a cowboy. He had turned half round in his saddle and wrapped his left arm about one of the veranda posts. His vicious-eyed little broncho fretted and danced under tension of reins in such wise as set the conchas jingling at the man's spurs and tossed the tarnished tassels of his weather-worn sombrero. But the face that showed under the grey brim was such as none need fear to trust for all its half-savage leanness and brownness, its criss-crosses of lines and scars, for Posy Jim had been young as far back as the days when Abilene was the very edge of the world for the Texas cowboy and Chisholm was a name to conjure by.

'Crops air a-lookin' right peart this spring, Jim,' the ranchman ventured, and Jim, noting the bent of his mind as well as of his gaze, answered dryly with that queer, slow smile of his:

'Some air, but I notice it makes a heap o' diffrunce who put 'em in. I rode by a piece o' corn yesdy,' he went on, 'ez didn't look partic'ly forard; sort o' blarsted like ez if a norther'd been a-blowin' awn it. I hev allus heard ez how a Dutchman cyan live awn anything, but I don't consider ez corn-stalks an' no great plenty o' them air a-goin' fo to'ds satisfyin' his stummick, not to mention fillin' it. It wouldn't be o' so much count either if it ware only his stummick, but thar's his woman an' the younguns to be took into the reck'ning. 'Pears to me like somebody ez is right handy at the business orter put a check-strap awn him.'

'You mean Schloss?' queried the ranchman, his interest waking up.

'Thet's the critter, an' ez mean a maverick ez you'll find in a week's round-up. I stopped thar fo' a bite yes'dy. I'd been in the saddle since sun-up an' ware thet empty inside me I could 'a eat a coyote an' say nothin' ez to the cookin'. The Dutchman wan't home but his wife was—natchly. She brought out some pone that looked like it had been baked a week an' a piece o' bacon ez wouldn't 'a greased the skillet 'twas fried in. Thet was all she had besides a couple o' fistfuls o' meal, but I was welcome to it. Her man had gone fo' grub but likely it would be a day or so afoah he'd git back. Wa'al, I was hungry, but I reckon I'd 'a had to been a right smart bit hungrier to take them vittels out'n the mouths o' thet woman an' her younguns ez looked like they needed it a powerful sight worsern I did.' Jim pushed back his sombrero and swept a long lock of iron-grey hair out of his eyes. 'Some mo'nin' thet Dutchman 'll wake up to find a passel o' motherless young-uns awn his hands. I hain't much used to the signs when folks takes their time fo' ryin', but I consider ez how too much prairie is as bad fo' some critters ez cold lead is fo' others.'

Patty took in every word. After Jim had ridden away and she had gone in to put her cake a-baking behind the bulging oven doors of the little old cook stove, the uneasy remembrance of what she had heard went with her and would not be got rid of. It had set something within her to aching as once a tooth of hers had ached, dully and continuously, until her father slipped a bit of string about it and brought it out of her mouth at one jerk. He had called the string a lariat and the tooth an ugly white steer that couldn't be made to mind in any other way, and had laughed so much that ever after Patty held to the idea that tooth-pulling was rather nice since it cured the pain and occasioned such playfulness on her sober father's part. But a troublesome conscience is not to be plucked out like a troublesome tooth and Patty's conscience bade fair to become very troublesome, indeed, by reason of what Jim had said and some private remembrances of her own.

She recalled Schloss perfectly from the two or three times he had been at the ranch to see her father. The first time he came on horseback and carried off a bag of seed-barley across the high pommel of his old Mexican saddle. The next time he drove an outfit and took away a load of corn for the February planting. That was last fall.

'You come see mine wife,' he said to Patty in his difficult English, 'she be very lonesome—she haf Heimweh so very bad already, ach, I know not what to do mit her. You come and make her to laugh, jah?' And Patty had promised. It is so easy to promise. She was just a girl with many daily cares of her own the possibility of which had overtaken her when her mother went to live on the other side of the blue sky and left her to be her father's only helper. And though she had really meant to keep her word, day after day of her full life had risen and set until all the grey winter was gone and spring was again on the prairie. It was not far she had to go, only a matter of some twenty straight miles and her pony was fleet as she could wish. But Patty was shy as a child of new acquaintances; her father and her pony and the old dog had been her only companions and for playmates she had claimed the free blowing winds of the prairie, all its scant humble life of birds and rabbits and insects, and the clouds that came stealing up timidly over the horizon, white for most of the year as the bleached sails of ships set adrift on the wonderful, unimpeded blue. Her mother had died too long ago for her to be able to form anything like a definite personality from the few dim, childish memories which were all that was left to her of that sweetest, tenderest presence in her life, and she had never known any other woman well. If Schloss had brought his wife to see her Patty would have made her right welcome and baked a loaf of her best egg-bread in her honor, but the idea of being left to make the first advances herself filled her with shrinking dread. Now, however, the dread gave way to sudden, keen pity. That poor, heart-sick woman, dying maybe, alone, and misunderstood! Patty sat by the stove, forgetting her cake and letting her face get pink and moist from the heat, until the smell of burning molasses aroused her. Then she jerked open the oven door and pulled out the flat, over-done mass, tipping the tin this way and that while a curious expression gathered in her eyes.

'Flat's if it had been smashed twixt two bo'ds,' she said, disgustedly. 'I reckon I clean fo'got the salratus. An' Paw jes' dotes own molasses stirred-up.' The thought of her father set other thoughts into activity. She stuffed the cake into a dark corner of the cupboard, slammed the door upon it and went to find her father. He was still on the veranda, drooping over a broken strap he held in his hands and pondering the mending of it while he whistled gently through his shut teeth.

'Paw,' said Patty, 'I recyon yo' an' Murphy 'll hev to eat dinner alone to-day. I'm a-goin' to see thet Schloss woman ez Jim ware a-tellin' us of.'

Her father stopped his whistling. The old dog rolled a bleared eye up at her as his name was mentioned and thumped his tail twice upon the floor courteously. Patty rubbed his head with the toe of her stout little shoe.

'Yo' do' cyare, Paw?' She had made her voice very sweet with coaxing. 'There's plenty o' pone an' Chileconcarni an' molasses-butter. I baked a cake fo' yo', too, but it turned out to be jus' no account. I f'got to put in the risin' stuff. Yo' cyan give it to Murphy if yo' want an' he'll eat it. Murphy assented expressively. 'I reckon I'll start right away,' she ended.

'Wa'al, now, honey, what give yo' thet notion? It's bound to be powerful close to-day,' her father drawled, demurringly. ''Pears like to me yo'd a heap better stay under cover. Yo'll git all het up, besides givin' Lightning a passel o' saddle-gauls.' He squinted at the sky. 'I don't know, but seems like I smell cyclone.'

Patty laughed.

'No, yo' don't. You're only afeared y'll git lonesome.' She rumpled his hair into his eyes by way of caress and ran round the house toward the corral. A soft whinny disturbed the silence as she let fall the heavy wooden bar that secured the door, but she had to put her fingers in her mouth and blow upon them twice before the brown pony that stood dreaming at the farther side of the stockade would venture near her.

'Yo're gittin' mightly contrairy, Lightning,' Patty said. 'Yo' need a good tannin', thet's what yo' do.' She wound her fingers in his plentiful brown mane and led him to the house. He waited meekly for her to get saddle and bridle from their

pegs on the kitchen wall and fit them to him, and still waited while she donned riding skirt and broad-brimmed hat and knotted some Chiles and bacon into the end of a sack and kissed her father good-bye and patted Murphy's head until he sneezed. Five minutes later Ol' Man Tone sat with the unmended strap hanging forgotten from his hands while he watched the loved little figure rising and falling rhythmically in the distance as Lightning bore her away and thought drearily of the hours it must be before he might expect her home-coming.

Patty was never so much alive anywhere as on Lightning's back, feeling the play of his strong limbs under her and delighting in the wind of his motion which cooled her face and blew back the loosened strands of her hair. And to-day the prairie was beautiful to see, all fresh with the first luxuriance of springtime. Close at hand it was green as the pile of emerald velvet, but far off the earth tint came up in a faint wash of greyish-yellow streaked here and there duskily with chapparal. And everywhere were flowers, verbenas all fashionably white and purple, great clots of lupine gleaming mistily through the mirage of rising heat waves. Their fragrance mingled delicately with the rich, warm air and Patty sniffed with all her nose, utterly ignoring the smokiness of the bacon broiling in the sack which she had made fast to the pommel of her saddle. But before the twenty miles were covered she was moist and uncomfortable and the bacon obtruded itself more and more on her reluctant senses; tiny streams trickled down Lightning's neck under his flapping mane, and flecks of foam came flying back to cling to his mistress's riding-skirt.

Both were glad when the sod-house of the Schlosses wheeled slowly up over the horizon—a brown lump, whose distinguishing features came out very gradually as the distance lessened between them and it. There was the piece of corn Jim had spoken of, not much like her father's, which grew grandly higher than a tall man's head, and other patches and strips of feeble growing things. And there was the sod-house door with a woman standing in it, holding a baby in her arms, while two shy heads showed from behind the folds of her scant cotton skirt—a woman so slight that Patty felt gigantic by contrast, with blue eyes too big for her thin face and a weight of flaxen hair that made her look curiously top-heavy. She waved her hand as soon as she thought Patty could see it and made the baby wave his, and when Patty slipped out of the saddle before the door she set the baby down and running to the girl, threw both arms about her and kissed her.

'I was so afraid when I first saw you that you mightn't be going to stop!' she cried.

'Why, I come awn purpose,' said surprised Patty. 'I'm Ol' Man Tone's Patty an'I reckon we're neighbors.'

'I've heard of you,' the woman said. 'And, oh, you don't know how glad I am to see you.' And she put her head on Patty's shoulder and sobbed away some of her loneliness and misery. The baby left to himself on the hot earth went into a sudden fit of screaming at the over-familiarity of a huge black beetle which had begun to scramble up his bare leg. His mother turned and snatched him up and the beetle shaken off, made all possible speed toward a chink in the sod-wall from which it had probably issued.

'Oh, what is it?' she cried, pointing. 'Was it a tarantula?'

Patty laughed.

'Wa'al, I reckon not. Hain't yo' seen a tranchler yet?' she asked.

'I've seen most everything in the bug line, I guess,' the woman answered, wearily. 'I never wake up at night without feeling something crawling on me. I found a horned toad in the children's bed once.' She shuddered. 'Well, come in,' she said, 'though I don't know as it's a might cooler inside. It's so hot everywhere.'

'I will soon's I git Lightnin' lariated out,' Patty said. She led the pony round to the cool side of the house where the cyclone cellar was, slipped off his bridle and unwound a long coil of rope which hung from her saddle. At one end was a noose, at the other a sharpened bodark peg. Patty flung the noose over Lightning's neck and stamped a peg well into the yielding soil, thus making him secure. Then she picked up the sack of beans and bacon and went within.

'I reckoned yo' might not be 'xactly ready fo' company,' she said, 'so I fetched along a little something I could carry easy. I don't know but y'd like me to show yo' how to make a mess o' Chileconcarni. We 'air powerful fond of it at our house.'

'I never heard of it,' the woman said. A little flush had risen in her thin cheeks and her eyes looked all the brighter for their bath of tears. Patty thought her pretty. 'I used to think I could cook real good when I was a girl at home,' she went on, 'but you can't do much with just cornmeal and smoked meat and that's all we have down here.' She had seated herself in a low, straight-backed chair and was jogging gently back and forth in it trying to get the baby to sleep at the same time she talked with Patty. The older children hung on either side of her staring with round blue eyes like her own at this brown-faced girl, whose teeth showed so white when she spoke or laughed. Patty did not feel at all shy. She wished now when she saw how much good she seemed to be doing that she had come before.

'It's all so different, anyway,' the woman said in her clear, quick tones. She moistened her thumb and forefinger and began to twist the hair on the baby's forehead into little ringlets. 'I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for my children. I guess Fred's as good as most men but he's German and I don't think they ever just sympathize with their women the way Americans do. I fought with all my might against coming down here,' her eyes blindly studied the strip of sunshine that cut the brown shadow of the earth floor between her and Patty. 'But it was no use. You see we didn't do well on the farm—it was real old and worn-out. Fred had heard of someone who had been down here and made a good deal of money and he was all taken up with the idea. Why, crops just raised themselves and land- could be had for the asking. He talked and talked and finally pulled up everything and away we came. My sister was just as much against it as I was. She's a widow with a good property and she said we could take her place and live on it a year rent free. She'd rather live in the village. But Fred never liked Liza somehow and he's that proud and independent he wouldn't be beholden to her for anythin'.' She sighed. 'I don't know but what he wishes now he'd taken longer to think before he made this move. Did you notice the crops as you came past?'

Patty nodded.

'Well, that's the way everything goes he puts his hand to. I guess he's beginning to see that northern days don't count down here. We brought a little money with us, but it's all gone now. I don't know what we shall do and sometimes I think I don't care. I'm that sick and discouraged. Seems to me I'd be willing to die if I could just see a brook or a tree or a mountain again. You don't know what it is always to have been used to them and then not have them.' Her lips quivered. The children turned and looked solemnly into her face. Patty stirred uncomfortably in her chair and swallowed hard. 'But there's my babies and Fred,' the little woman went on, trying to be brave. 'I don't want to complain too much. It's hard for Fred, too. I wish you could see him. He's losing flesh awful fast and he looks wretched—it goes right to my heart. He's real kind and patient, too, lately.' She had begun at the baby's hair again. One of the little girls whimpered and her mother put an arm about her and drew her close.

'The children are hungry,' she said to Patty, 'and I guess it's about time we all had something to eat. I can put the baby down now—he's gone to sleep.' She rose and came forward with him in her arms, bending down so Patty could see his face. 'Isn't he pretty?' she whispered, with loving mother-pride. 'He looks like his father. Fred was the handsomest young man in our section.' She laid him down on the white counterpane of the bed behind the curtain, kissed him and came away softly. 'Now I'll get some dinner,' she said. 'It won't be much, but maybe you'll excuse it. I haven't seen a white potato since I came down here or any white flour to speak of. Fred's gone to Rosalia to get some things. I can make you a cup of tea, though. I don't know what we'd ever do without tea,' she ender 'the water goes against us so.' She took a handful of papers and a match and went to light a fire in the cook stove, which had been carried out of the house and set up in the open air.

The meal was a meagre one, but Patty found herself eatin with real appetite. Everything about the little sod-house was so exquisitely clean and well kept. It had a homely look, too, and Patty fell to wondering what she could do to give the great bare ranch-house that same look. She made careful notes of this little Northern woman's housekeeping and hospitality—how she set the table and poured the tea into the shallow old blue cups and passed it; how she laid the knives and forks and arranged the spoons in their holder. After dinner, when the beans for the Chileconcarni had been put cooking and the baby had awakened from his nap fresh and rosy and good-natured, his mother sat down with him in her lap and she and Patty had a long, comforting, heart-to-heart talk. It was very hot and very, very still. The

only sounds from without were the bubbling of the kettle and Lightning's restless stepping. Within the little girls played drearily with their dolls on the bed, drowsy with heat and subdued by the silent, solemn loneliness.

Suddenly Mrs. Schloss started up and dropped the baby into Patty's lap.

'My, those beans are burning! Don't you smell them?' she exclaimed. She seized the pail and dipper and hurried out to the cistern for water. In a moment she came flying back empty-handed, her face quite white and wild.

'Oh, there's such a terrible storm coming!' she gasped, and even as she spoke the sunshine paled at the open door as if a shadow had passed over it. Patty sprang from the chair and ran with the baby in her arms to the corner of the house where she could get a look at the southern sky. It was dark with a great mess of working, puffing, slate-colored cloud, whose trailing violet edges here and there showed their lining in spurts of dirty white. From its very centre dipped a greenish funnel-shape, which was licking the earth like a huge thirsty tongue as it came. The distant noises of the storm came to Patty as she stood, and presently one nearer at hand, a low tense singing sound, which swept the prairie right and left as if a thousand rattlesnakes had stirred angrily in the grass. She felt the northern woman's trembling clutch on her arm.

'It's coming right this way,' she moaned. 'Oh, what shall we do? Where shall we go?'

Patty put the baby in her arms.

'Yo' see thet air cyclone-cellar?' she drawled. 'Wa'al, I reckon we'll git into it ez fast ez we know how. This sort o' thing's what it was made fo'. Yo' take the baby an' I'll look arfter the little gals.' She gave the almost paralyzed woman a shove forward. 'Yo'll hev to git a right smart move awn yo',' she said. She ran to Lightning, who had begun to show signs of great uneasiness, jerked up the bodark peg and turned him in the direction of the ranch, which she saw lay out of the track of the cyclone.

'Home with yo'!' she cried, sharply, and struck him a stinging blow on the flank with the peg end of the cord. Then she flew into the sod-house, dragged forth the children and hustled them into the storm-cellar, where their mother crouched waiting and trying to hush the frightened baby. Patty had no more than made the trap-door fast when, with a grinding, crushing roar, as if the whole prairie was being broken into bits, the storm was upon them.

It was all over in a moment, and they huddled there in the moist, hut darkness, listening to the rattle of sleet and the slash of rain above them. Trickling streams found their way through the earth and ran in upon them, wetting their clothes and making their imprisonment just that much more disagreeable. As soon as Patty dared she lifted the trap-door and peered out. The temperature had fallen and the keen, fresh air met her damp face agreeably. Where the house had been was a heap of tumbled sod with a blue china plate sticking out of the top. But in the distance an outfit, with a wildly excited man driving it, was making the best of its way over the prairie. Patty crawled out into the rain and signaled to him.

'Yo're man's comin'!' she informed Mrs. Schloss.

A few minutes later they all stood together looking at the ruin the cyclone had made.

'We'd all been killed if it hadn't been for you,' the little woman said to Patty. 'I was that scared I'd never thought of the storm-cellar. Oh, I am sure the Lord sent you to take care of us to-day,' and she raised one of Patty's brown hands to her mouth and kissed it.

'Well, I guess we haf to give up,' Schloss said, shaking his head sadly. 'I guess we haf no more business down here.' He pulled a soiled envelope from his pocket and gave it to his wife. 'Your Sister Lize she haf send us money to go back and we go. That settles it. You've been a good, brave, little frau, Mariechen, and I half make one big fool mit mineself. I do so no more, hein.' He turned over a clod of earth with his foot and stooping picked up the baby's rattle-box. His face brightened as he pressed it into the warm little hand. He turned to Patty.

'I got mine wif and children left. Thank Gott! I take them back with me and something more — I haf had a thousand dollars' worth of what you call 'em—experience, jah?'

And Patty laughing thought he had.

The Duty that Lieth Nearest.

Do thy duty that lieth nearest thy hand,
And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land;
Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine
Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine.
Whether country or city, green fields or grand hall
Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call.

O, that I could tell thee, in words that would burn,
Of chances now lost that will never return!
And lost while thou'rt searching, with sad, anxious mind,
In some distant vineyard thy lifework to find.
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand:
'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.

Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,
While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful accord;
Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that will cheer,
And a hand to relieve the tired laborer, near.
In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

—'Waif.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

What One Boy Did.

(Susan Brown Robbins, in 'Good Cheer.')

Miss Dexter was almost ready to give up beaten. When she took the school the committee told her that the former teacher had been unable to stand the strain and had broken down with nervous prostration. It was really a place for a man, they said, and if she failed, they would not try any more women teachers.

Miss Dexter had not had much experience with refractory scholars before, but she began her work confidently. With kindness and firmness, she reasoned, she could soon get the school under better discipline.

But three weeks went by, and she could not see the least improvement. Every morning she faced the roomful of boys with courage and determination, and every night when she was alone she would lay her head down on her desk and cry with utter weariness and discouragement.

One night Joe Prentiss forgot to take his books with him, and did not remember them till he was half-way home. So he turned around and hurried back, wondering if he could get there before Miss Dexter went away.

He tried the door of the room and found it unlocked. He opened it and went in, then stopped short in amazement. Miss Dexter was crying like any school-girl, with her head on her desk. Now and then her shoulders shook, and he could hear her stifled sobs.

A scared look came into his face. 'What is the matter?' he asked, but there was no answer. He went nearer and touched her shoulder. 'What is the matter, Miss Dexter?' he asked again, and his voice was full of concern. He never knew what to do when he saw a woman crying.

She started violently and raised her head to give him a frightened glance, then she buried her face from sight again. Joe stood there waiting. Gradually her sobs ceased and she wiped her eyes and sat up, smiling a little tremulously.

'I—I feel better now,' she said. 'I'm sorry you caught me crying.'

'But what is the matter, Miss Dexter?' Joe repeated, still looking anxious, and a little curious, too.

Miss Dexter was silent for a moment, searching his face. 'I believe I'll tell you,' she said. 'Perhaps you will help me.'

'I'll do anything I can,' he answered.

'It is the way the boys act,' she began. 'Everyone told me I could not manage them, but I was determined to do it if possible. I have tried so hard, but it doesn't do a bit of good. Every night I am ready to give up, but in the morning I have better courage and try one more day. This is the worst-behaved room in the building, and if there isn't some improvement soon I shall have to resign. The committee won't stand it much longer. That will hurt my chances for another place, and oh, I do need the money so!' and her eyes filled with tears.

Joe ran his fingers through his hair in perplexity.

'I'm sorry, Miss Dexter,' he said. 'I suppose I'm one of the worst ones, but I didn't think.'

Miss Dexter smiled. 'No, Joe,' she said, 'you are not the worst one, but you are bad enough, and I don't suppose any of the boys think.'

'But what can I do?' he asked, anxiously. 'I said I'd help you, but I don't see how I'm going to do it. Of course, I can turn around and behave myself, but that would be only a drop in the bucket. What can one do among so many?'

Miss Dexter spoke quickly. 'Never say that again, Joe. That idea does ever so much harm in the world; so many people neglect their duty because they think one does not amount to anything. One can do what is right; let the rest take care of itself.'

Joe still looked doubtful. 'I'll do my best for one,' he said, 'but I'm afraid it won't be much help.'

'Thank you, Joe,' said Miss Dexter, heartily. 'And now we must go; it will be dark soon.'

Two days later several boys were walking home from school. Joe Prentiss was one of them.

'What's come over you, Joe?' asked Alf Crosby. 'You behave like a model of propriety in school, and we can't get even a smile out of you. It's no fun sitting next to you any more.'

'That's so,' echoed the others. 'What has made this change of heart?'

Joe flushed a little. He wanted to tell about finding Miss Dexter in tears, but he was doubtful how the boys would take it. 'I've got sick of being a rowdy all the time,' he said. 'Our room is a disgrace to the whole building. It worries Miss Dexter like anything, and I don't think it's any way to treat a lady. I made up my mind that she shouldn't have any cause for complaint against me, for one. Besides, there's time enough for noise and fun outside of school hours. I'll beat you to my gate!' and with a wild whoop he went tearing down the road, the others after him.

From that time on there was a steady improvement in Miss Dexter's room. To be sure there was, now and then, a bad day; but, on the whole, the improvement was rapid. It was noticeable that the quietness and order began at Joe Prentiss's seat, gradually extending like a widening circle till it included the whole room.

Miss Dexter often felt Joe's eyes following her anxiously, and when any little unpleasantness occurred she noticed that it seemed to fret him a good deal.

One night Joe came back to the schoolroom after the class had been dismissed.

'Do you think we are doing any better, Miss Dexter?' he asked, going up to the desk where she was at work.

'Yes, indeed!' said Miss Dexter emphatically. 'You are doing nobly. You see now what one can do. If it had not been for you I should have had to resign.'

'I think there's still room for improvement,' said Joe. Then, hesitatingly, 'Do you ever get discouraged now?' and he looked at her searchingly.

'No,' she answered, coloring a little. 'I haven't cried once since that time you caught me at it.'

'That's good,' said Joe, and he went out and clattered down the stairs, whistling as he went.

Miss Dexter smiled as she listened. 'He must have forgotten to be quiet,' she said, 'but I will overlook it this time, he has done so much for the school and for me.'

Freezing Out.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Thomas Brady and Patrick Lawson were bright, energetic young men who had received their business training in the same house. They had entered as cash boys and gone up step by step until they were thirty, and by that time they had saved enough to go into business for themselves in a modest way.

A booming town in the West was selected as the scene of their operations, and it so happened that they rented stores on the same street and exactly opposite each other. Goods were purchased and clerks engaged, and then they resorted to the various means known to experienced salesmen to attract trade. Elaborate displays were made in their show windows, and dodgers and posters and newspaper advertising were resorted to freely.

They were shrewd and discriminating buyers, as well as good salesmen; but there their similarity ended. Brady instructed his clerks to 'watch for the A-1 trade.' And Lawson told his to treat all customers alike. Within a week Brady's clerks knew that they must not let nice scruples interfere with business, and Lawson's were equally well aware that anything but a straightforward course would cause their prompt dismisal.

The town of Rustle was in the second stage of its evolution, and ladies in sealskin sacques and rancheros in spurs and revolvers, mingled freely on the sidewalk with blanketed Indians and rough, unshaven men from the mines. Dress was the last thing an 'old stager' would take as an indication of a person's wealth or position.

But new arrivals were apt to learn this by slow degrees, and Brady's policy often got him into corners from which only ready tact and quick wit could extricate him.

One day a rough-looking, heavily bearded old man came in, accompanied by a plainly-dressed woman, whose face was hidden by a sunbonnet. A clerk was standing behind the nearest counter, paring his nails. Brady was at his desk writing.

The couple waited patiently for some minutes, then the old man rapped sharply on the counter. But at that moment a carriage stopped at the entrance and a richly dressed woman swept in, followed by an attendant. Brady looked up significantly and the clerk hurried forward with an obsequious bow.

The old man and his wife waited another ten minutes, then the richly dressed woman turned petulantly from the counter, saying that country stores were a nuisance, anyway, and that she would send to the city and have her ribbon matched. The clerk shrugged his shoulders and sauntered lazily toward the old couple.

'Anything I can do for you, daddy?' he inquired.

'No, I reckon not,' the old man answered, shortly. 'We jest came in here for the fun of it. Still, I s'pose you might let the old woman have a paper o' pins. I never like to go into a store without buyin' suthin'.'

The pins were wrapped up, and as the couple left the store Brady laughed sarcastically.

'It'll be a good thing to freeze out that kind of people,' he said. 'They just take up room and bother other customers, and their trade isn't worth shucks.'

More customers came in, and the clerks were kept busy for some time; then there was a temporary lull, and they went to the entrance in search of fresh air. Presently they were joined by Brady.

A waggon stood in front of the opposite store, and the clerks were regarding it listlessly.

'Rather an ancient looking vehicle,' one of them said.

'But a magnificent pair of horses,' another remarked. 'Hello! here comes the old man, and the woman in the sunbonnet. Reckon they have been after some pins.'

'Got trusted for them, likely,' said the first clerk. 'No,' as the old man unfastened the horses and turned the waggon wheels so that his wife could climb in, 'if there isn't Smithers coming out with his arms full of bundles. And—great Scott! Thompson following with his arms full, and Lawson coming behind with his arms full and his face as smiling as though he'd sold out half the store.'

Brady did not say anything, but the sarcastic expression had left his face. He watched the old man climb in and pick up the reins.

'Hello there, Pat!' he called suddenly, as the waggon whirled down the street, half hidden by a cloud of dust,' who is that old codger?'

Patrick Lawson made a few notes in a book he carried before answering.

'Why, that's Primus Biglow, the great land owner, who lives up the river,' he called back, cheerily. 'He owns half the ranches in the country, and more mines than you can count. He's a fine man, and makes himself as common as common folks. He told me that his daughters were coming back from the East, where they have been educated, and that the silks and jewellery and things he has bought are for them. He seemed very much pleased with the goods, and said that I should have all his trade after this. He has been having things sent from the city but tells me that he would rather buy in the home market if he can find goods to suit. Come over and let me show you the list I have sold him—nearly a thousand dollars' worth. Best day's work I've done since I've been here.'

Brady only shook his head and muttered a dolorous 'Land o' Goshen!' under his breath, as he turned abruptly and went back into the store. But his clerks noticed that he never said any more about 'freezing out.'

Old Country Friends.

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What Puss Did.

A True Story.

Puss had three kittens, and the old speckled hen had twelve chickens.

Pussy's kittens were silvery gray underneath, and all sorts of lovely colors on top.

Old Speck's chickens were all yellow and very fluffy.

Puss kept her babies in a box behind the stove in the kitchen, and old Speck kept hers in a barrel in the woodshed.

Every day, after the hearth was swept, Puss brought her kittens out and put them under the stove; and likewise, every day, after the sun was up, old Speck brought her chickens out into the back yard.

Now, one would think, since Puss and the old speckled hen had so much in common and were such near neighbors, that they would be good friends.

But, dear me, Puss never stepped out into the back yard but old Speck began to scold. Puss could not even sit in the woodshed doorway for the sake of a little air but old Speck would ruffle up her feathers and begin to call her chickens.

'Errer!' she would say, lifting first one foot and then the other. 'Errerer! Don't you see that cat? Err! Look out! Err! Keep close to me!' and so she would go on, while Puss sat with her eyes closed, and never once thought of the chickens.

One day a dreadful thing happened in the speckled hen's family. The housemaid had left a pail of water standing near the woodshed door, and the speckled hen's largest chicken, anxious to try his wings, flew up on the edge of the pail. He tilted back and forth a few times, trying to get his balance, and then, splash! he went into the water. The poor little thing fluttered and gasped, and old Speck, lifting up her wings and her voice, flew in terror about the pail.

After a while the chicken became very quiet, and the old speckled hen went back to her chickens, trying hard to think what it was that made her feel so uneasy.

Meanwhile, the housemaid found the chicken in the pail, and, thinking it was dead, but not being quite willing to give it up, she wrapped it in a piece of flannel and put it in the oven.

After a time the poor little drowned chicken began to gasp for breath. Then he tried to wink his eyes, and the housemaid took him out of the oven.

She tended him very carefully for a day or two, and then took him in triumph back to his mother.

But, alas! old stupid Speck had forgotten all about her lost chicken, and, thinking he belonged to some other hen, she flew at him and pecked him with all her might.

'And what is to be done with this chicken?' asked the housemaid, standing in the middle of the kitchen floor and holding the little thing between her two great warm hands.

'You'll have to take care of it yourself,' said the house mistress.

So the chicken was wrapped again in flannel and put under the stove. Now, flannel is not nearly as warm as one's own mother's feathers, and the poor little chicken felt quite forsaken. Pretty soon he crept out from underneath the flannel, lifted up his shrill little voice, and wept.

Puss, who was asleep with her three kittens, moved uneasily, for she did not like harsh noises.

'Peep, peep, peep!' said the chicken. Puss stretched herself and opened her eyes.

'Peep, peep, peep!' cried the chicken.

Puss looked at her three kittens nestled up to her so cozy and warm, and then she looked at the poor little forlorn chicken standing out in the cold.

'Mew!' said Puss, and such warmth of love and tenderness as there was in Pussy's voice!

But the chicken, not understanding cat language, kept on crying, 'Peep, peep, peep!'

Then Puss got up very carefully, so as not to disturb her babies, and walked over to the chicken.

'Mew!' said Puss again, and put her head down right over the chicken. It might have been Pussy's motherly mew, or it might have been her warm fur, that won the chicken. Certain it is that the

Sorry and Happy
The girls in white dresses and laces
Put on the most sorrowful faces,
In chorus they sadly complained,
"How sorry we are that it rained!"
The roses grew red in their blushes,
The lilies rejoiced in the rushes,
In chorus they gladly exclaimed,
"How happy we are that it rained!"
DUSTOUFFER.

little thing began to utter the most contented and musical peeps that ever a cat heard. Peep, peep, peep! peep, peep, peep! peep, peep, peep!

Then Puss settled down close by the chicken, and the chicken cuddled up close to the cat, and after that Puss had four babies, and the chicken had a nice warm place of its own under Pussy's fur.

Whenever the chicken, straying away into remote corners, began to cry, Puss would wake up and mew; then the little chicken would run home, happy and contented, crying, 'Peep, peep, peep! peep, peep, peep! peep, peep, peep!'—'The Outlook.'

Poetic Justice—A Dog Story.

'Father, what is poetic justice?' asked Fred Stanley at the table.

'Bless the boy! What put that into his head?' said the mother.

'Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson today, and, when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves, and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father.'

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled as if struck by some amusing recollection.

'Poetic justice,' he said, 'is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforeseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that I think will furnish the illustration you are after.

'I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn-looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us; and, when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch-basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, "Now, boys, I'm one of you." We named him Rover, and boy-like tried to find out how much he knew and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would "fetch and carry" beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it, and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

'At length we reached the meadow, and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornet's nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and, as I scampered up the latter, I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind; but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union.

'Rob! Will!' I called to the boys; "come here. We'll have some fun."

'They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. "And, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?" I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny. We selected a good sized round stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim; and, as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony he came tearing up the hill toward us, followed closely by all the hornets.

'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground, and we howled with agony.

'I have never known just how long the torture lasted; but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourselves of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realized that we, too, were in distress and could give no assistance, he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen, purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

'The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

'"Boys," I said, "we've had an awful time; but, I tell you what, it served us right."

'Neither of them contradicted me; and, rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels. "That, my boy," said Mr. Stanley in conclusion, "is a good instance of poetic justice."'—'Our Dumb Animals.'

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LESSON VI.—AUGUST 9.

David and Goliath.

I. Samuel xvii., 38-49.

Golden Text.

If God be for us, who can be against us? —Rom. viii., 31.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 3.—I. Sam. xvii., 32-40.
Tuesday, Aug. 4.—I. Sam. xvii., 41-54.
Wednesday, Aug. 5.—Ps. xviii., 30-44.
Thursday, Aug. 6.—Eph. vi., 10-24.
Friday, Aug. 7.—Rev. iii., 1-13.
Saturday, Aug. 8.—I. Sam. xvii., 4-11.
Sunday, Aug. 9.—I. Sam. xvii., 20-27.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

38. And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

39. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

40. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand and he drew near to the Philistine.

41. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

42. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

43. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with stones? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

44. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

45. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

46. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

47. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

48. And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

49. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

OUTLINE.

1. David offers to fight Goliath. 2. The weapons chosen. 3. David and Goliath meet. 4. Goliath slain.

HISTORICAL SETTING.

Time.—Probably about B.C. 1063. Place. —The valley of Elah, about fourteen miles south-west of Jerusalem: Persons.—Saul, David, Goliath.

The lesson includes the entire chapter, together with the brief account in I. Chron. xi., 10-14, giving an account of David's mighty men and the perilous journey to get water from Bethlehem's well.

We may have success and triumph in the Christian life. God gives us power to do what we cannot do for ourselves. Let different scholars read verses to show how trust in God makes people successful when they are trying to vindicate God's honor. Ps. lxxxi., 13, 14; Ps. xviii., 29, 39; I. Sam. xiv., 6. There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few. Hebrews xi., 34—turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Judges vi., 16 is important not only because of its great victory, but because it gives David's first appearance in public work after he had been privately anointed by the prophet Samuel. The two armies were encamped on opposite sides of the valley. While the armies were in this position there came out from the ranks of the Philistines a giant who proposed that the Israelites should send forth a warrior to meet him, and thus have the result of the battle decided by a single combat.

The giant, Goliath, who came out as the champion of the Philistines, 'belonged to the primitive race of the Anakim. These, driven out by the Israelites, attached themselves to the Philistines. None of Saul's soldiers dared to fight with him, for no one could overcome him with the ordinary weapons of war. But just at this point David appeared on the scene, and, much to the astonishment of Saul, offered to champion the cause of Israel and go out and meet the Philistine. David's statement (vs. 34-37) shows that he had (1) courage, (2) strength, (3) agility, (4) confidence in his own ability, (5) humility, (6) perseverance, (7) wisdom, and (8) faith in God.

The shrewd, practical sense of David admonished him of the folly of attempting such a combat with weapons with which he had no skill.—Terry. 'He is a wise man who knows what he cannot do as well as what he can.' put them off—'This was likewise from the Lord, who would have made it manifest that his servant fought and conquered by faith, and that the victory was from him, who works by the most despised means and instruments.'—Scott.

Goliath, 'in his shining armor, with his dreadful clanking tramp under the hundredweight of metal.' looked about—'He scanned the whole scene, and could hardly persuade himself that this boy was Israel's champion.' Goliath seemed insulted that such a young unarmed lad as David should approach him. 'The infinite resources of alliance with God are not visible to the heedless and hostile world. Unchristian people do not understand the character and serviceableness of God's help. They derided David; they derided our Saviour on the Cross; they deride us almost every day of our lives, collectively and individually. You have not gone very far in Christian experience if you have not been pained by the derision of worldly men, who in the main are friendly, but who are disposed to think you foolish and weak because your strength is in the Lord.'

David gave the glory to God in advance, and here the language is prophetic and rises above that immediate occasion and declares how other nations and times shall hear of that day's victory and shall give God the glory.

As soon as the Philistines saw that their champion was dead they fled in great terror. The Israelites, aroused and inspired by what God had done through David, arose and shouted and pursued the Philistines to their own walled cities. They then returned and took the spoil.

Although we all have giants to fight in this world yet with God's help we can make victory certain. Those who trust in the Lord, and simply seek his glory, shall never be ashamed; in their hands the feeblest means shall be successful, and the most severe opposition shall come to nothing. As true champions for Christ we ought to forget self and put God's honor and glory first. 'True boldness and heroism spring from profound convictions of the righteousness of our cause.' It is not a pompous dress parade and boasting words which are most effective, but a right heart and faith in God. In the conflict against Satan our weapons are spiritual (II. Cor. x., 3, 4; Eph. vi., 13-17). 'Alliance with God can only be based on identity of interest.' The battle will not be the Lord's unless we are fully on God's side. 'David's victory over Goliath was typical of the triumphs of the Son of David over Satan and all the powers of darkness, whom he spoiled and made a show of them openly; and we through him are more than conquerors.' 'Traits that bring success (five (T's): 1. Training. 2. Thought. 3. Tact. 4. Timeliness. 5. Trust.' Fight with giant Sin with the five stones of, 1. Fearlessness. 2. Activity. 3. Integrity. 4. Trust. 5. Holiness—F-A-I-T-H.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, August 9.—Topic — Lessons from Paul: how we may get his passion for souls. Rom. i., 1-17.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM A QUEEN.

Monday, August 3.—A queen's present. I. Kings x., 10.

Tuesday, August 4.—A king's present. II. Chron. ix., 12.

Wednesday, August 5.—All are God's. Ps. xlv, 12.

Thursday, August 6.—God our King. Ps. xlv., 9.

Friday, August 7.—We are kings. Rev. i., 6.

Saturday, August 8.—Wisdom best. Prov. xvi., 16.

Sunday, August 9.—Topic—What I may learn from a queen who took a journey. I. Kings x., 1-9; Matt. xii., 42.

A Solemn Work.

(Dr. A. E. Kitteredge, in 'Evangelist.')

Now, we all believe that a minster must be called of God, that he must have the anointing of the Spirit, or his labors cannot bear fruit, his preaching, however learned and eloquent, cannot win souls to Christ; but where in the New Testament do we find any warrant for the idea that when one speaks from a pulpit he requires this divine anointing, but that when he speaks to eight or ten immortal souls in the class-room no such baptism is needed —that is to say, that 'anyone can teach a Sunday-school class?' I raise no issue on the question whether the minister, from the laying of the hands of the Presbytery on his head, is any more truly set apart to the gospel work, than a consecrated teacher who has passed through no such ceremony of public ordination; but I do affirm most earnestly, that personal piety and self-dedication are requisites to successful teaching; that the Sunday-school teacher is as truly a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the ordained clergyman; that the work of the former is as solemn as that of the latter; that the divine anointing must rest upon both. And I go farther than this, and affirm that the work of the teacher is peculiarly solemn, and needs a peculiar spiritual fitness, from the fact that his congregation is smaller, that he comes into more close and intimate relation to them, and because of the impressible nature of the child whose character is moulded for this life and for eternity by every word spoken, and by every influence.

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A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking. The death of his brother Willie has aroused the remnant of his manhood, and he is now himself resolved to break the habit.]

CHAPTER VII.

As there was nothing else which appeared better to do, Claude was set at comparative liberty, and in something of his old fashion he went to work to make himself useful about the premises. Allie returned to the office, and Claude constituted himself his mother's right-hand man. He did all the hard sweeping, made beds, ran errands, did the heavy part of the family laundry work, and even set the table and washed dishes upon occasion, besides which he attended to all the outside chores and kept up repairs.

His beautiful flute-like soprano voice, prematurely changing, was forever impaired.* Claude's mother, however, wisely gratified her son's passion for music by having him take piano lessons, rightly believing that the three hours spent daily in the study and practice of this ennobling and inspiring art would have an incalculably beneficial effect on the tone of thought and morals.

A certain sum was laid by weekly to Claude's credit in recompense for his work, a sum sufficient to cover the cost of instruction, and leave a small balance to apply on his debts, believing that this plan would encourage a sense of responsibility for past wrongs, and a desire to make honest restitution.

His brother had done his best to gather from Claude the extent of his pilfering. From what Ralph knew to be only partial confessions, and from what he could ferret out for himself, the sum was placed at $100. Up to the time that Claude was discovered to be using cigarettes, he had thoughtfully been allowed unlimited control of his own pocket-money; of which he had always an abundant supply, being a shrewd trader with his rabbits, fowl and eggs, and quick to pick up any job or errand.

He had not been stealing merely to provide himself with cigarettes, but, flinging all self-denial to the winds, he had indulged himself in fruit, candy, expensive meals in restaurants, drinks, ice cream, low theatres and pernicious literature. He seemed to have lost the power to deny gratifying any indulgence which he could steal from his frugal, hardworking and self-sacrificing family. He had become absolutely hardened in this respect.

Money had been scarce, and expenses heavy in the household during the past two years. Every cent had to be carefully counted, in order to clear off the mortgage. By common consent, absolutely no luxuries in the way of clothing, travelling or expensive delicacies had been indulged in. The children, however, had started a little fund to be used in sending their delicate and always self-denying mother, away for an imperatively-needed change. Among Claude's other robberies, had been a steady pilfering from this little bank into which the dimes and quarters—fruits of many self-denials—had been dropped. Claude had always expressed and appeared to feel poignant remorse and abasement at each discovery, but the next time temptation offered, he would repeat the vile offence.

It had been a miserable and anguished state of affairs to be obliged to keep every cent securely and cunningly hidden from this marauder; to know it was unsafe to lay down a purse for five minutes, or leave a quarter on the mantelpiece; to be obliged even to keep a watch on small valuables, which might get 'lost;' and not to dare to intrust a cent to Claude's keeping with which to run an errand—as he had contracted a habit of 'losing' money. Upon each fresh discovery, Claude had always vowed he would repay every cent, and he eagerly begged of them to sell, as payment, any articles belonging to him.

Ralph had sold his old watch and chain, so that the last birthday gift Claude had ever received from his father, a beautiful gold watch, might not be sold out of the family and had bought it, placing the purchase-money to the credit of Claude's thefts, thus to enable the boy to redeem the gift at some future day. His wheel had been sold for what it would bring, his hens and rabbits confiscated, with whatever money had been placed to his credit by Ralph the summer he had worked at the hotel.

Over forty dollars yet remained to be wiped out, and after another month Claude was allowed to accept a position which Ralph had procured for him in the carshops, placing him under the especial surveillanace of a trusty foreman, an intimate friend of Ralph and formerly of the boy's father—one who, moreover, was a sturdy, consistent Christian.

'It's a terrible risk, I know,' said Ralph, 'but what can we do? It may be an effective but hardly practicable method of dealing with the saloon and cigarette problem, to keep their victims under lock and key until these places are forced to close up for lack of patronage. Claude is now standing on his own feet, and I must at least say that if he again falls, it need not be through any inordinate craving, for I am satisfied that the habit is sufficiently broken to enable him to put forth an independent effort to straighten up. If he persists in going to destruction it will be through no fault of ours, but through simple waywardness on his part. Do you know what reforming an inebriate makes me think of? It is like a rescuing a man, all bitten and crippled from an attack of pursuing wolves, taking him home, curing his wounds and strengthening his frame, and then sending him out again to run the gauntlet, harassed and pursued on every side by his old enemies. Of course he is weaker after each fray. On his way to and fro, Claude passes three places where cigarettes may be obtained. Poor Kelly, who is making desperate efforts to break off drinking, passes no less than five places where the fumes reach his nostrils. Why is such wickedness permitted? Surely awful judgment must some day fall on our rulers in high places!'

Claude let cigarettes alone, and so far as could be noted, he attended to his work and behaved in an exemplary manner; he also kept up his beloved music. A comparative peace fell upon the mother's anguished brow, and the family began to talk of Calude's starting to school again after the holidays and preparing himself, according to former hopes and plans, for a course in medicine. Claude, however, objected vigorously to this. He did not wish to go back to school; he had all the education he needed, and he would not be a doctor. Neither did he wish to take a business course in the college, nor to enter any bank or office.

'What do you want, Claude?' asked his mother, despairingly of this boy who had once been the family's brilliant star of promise.

'Oh, I guess the shops are good enough for me, I ain't afraid or ashamed of hard work,' was the flamboyant answer. 'I'll work myself up there, and if I get tired of it, maybe when my voice comes back I'll go in with some concert troupe.' Claude of late was by no means unaware of his gifts of art and personality which would make him an undoubted success with the public.

And there his once noble and lofty ambition ceased.

'Never mind, mother,' said Ralph cheerily; 'don't notice or argue with him. What else can you expect at this early stage? Let Claude only keep straight, and he will gradually and naturally regain his senses and ambition. Loss of ambition is all a part of the disease, you know. I know lots of really good fellows who take a notion to leave school and look up a job.' Claude had certainly lost all worldly pride. To the fingertips he had been a natural little aristocrat with a very uncompromising and youthfully undiscerning detestation of vulgarity in any form. His companions had always been among the boys of the most cultured families in the city.

(To be continued.)

*It may not be generally known that cigarette smoking will gradually destroy the finest and strongest voices, adults being no exception to the rule, only in the case of an adult who persists in the use of cigarettes, the voice once gone or impaired, is usually completely and hopelessly gone, even should he finally cease the habit.

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The following are the contents of the issue of July 18, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Leo's Poem on Death—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
'Running Amuk'—The 'Commonwealth,' London.
The German Elections—The 'Spectator,' London.
Anti-Semitism—The New York Times Saturday Review.'
Vancouver and Victoria—By Charles Hanbury-Williams, in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' abridged.
The Election of a Bridgemaster—The 'Westminster Budget.'
The Late Dean Bradley—By Professor S. H. Butcher, in the 'Fortnightly Review,' London, condensed.
Unknown Mexico—'The Athenæum,' London.
A Woman's View of Things—By Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in the 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

French Artist's Visit to Windsor—Correspondence of the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A Hero-Worshipper—The 'Academy and Literature.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Through a Glass Darkly—Poem by Christian Burke, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
William Ernest Henley—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York; 'Evening Post,' New York.
New Memories of Sir Walter Scott—'T.P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Virtue of Obedience—By Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly,' London.
The Fairies of Ancient Maori Land—The 'Auckland Weekly News.'
The Philosophy of Hair-Dressers—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Howard Pyle's Gospel—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The First Picture Book—The 'Booklover.'
From a Mud Hut in the Nile Valley—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Should Examinations Go?—The New York 'Sun.'
Night Trips in an Air Ship in Paris—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The 'Projection' on Mars—The 'Daily News,' London.
Perils of a Scientist—The 'Daily News,' London.

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Correspondence

Buckingham, Que.

Dear Editor,—In answer to your request in the 'Messenger,' that we would tell you what we thought of the different characters of our favorite books, I like 'St. Elmo' and 'Infelice,' by A. J. Evans Wilson, best. In 'St. Elmo' I like Gordon Leigh better than the hero, St. Elmo, but he (St. Elmo) lived up to what he professed to be, I think, although his standard was not very admirable. 'Edna Earl' was beyond description, she was so good and noble.

In 'Infelice,' 'Douglass Lindsay' was nicer, in my estimation, than 'Erle Palma,' because 'Erle Palma' was too hard, stern and unyielding. 'Regina Orme,' or rather 'Laurance,' I cannot find words to describe my admiration for her. She was 'divine.'

Next to these I like 'Knight Errant' and 'Donovan,' by 'Edna Lyall; 'Only the Governess,' 'Mary St. John,' and 'Wee Wifie,' by 'Rosa Carey.' I don't know which one I like best, but I think it is 'Only the Governess.' These are my favorites.

F. W. H.

Minnedosa, Man.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday in the Methodist Sunday-school. There is an average of about one hundred and seventy members in our Sunday-school. I think the 'Messenger' to be a very interesting paper, and I think all who get it like it. I go to school here, and I am in grade seven. I like school very well, although the work is a little hard at times. Minnedosa is a pretty little town surrounded by hills covered with trees and flowers, and the scenery here is very pretty. Minnedosa is the town where the Doukhobors were checked last fall. They were shut up in the rink over night, and in the morning they were taken on the train to Yorkton. The little Saskatchewan river runs through the centre of the town. We have eight colonies of bees, and last summer we got 850 lbs. of honey, and we intend taking it from them again very soon. We had two swarms the other day, and one alighted on a tree, while the other alighted at the gate.

WILLIAM G. S.

Bremerton, Wash.

Dear Editor,—I live in Bremerton, right near the Puget Sound Navy Yard. We have a fine view of the yard, and we can see the ships as they come into the bay and as they pass into the dry-dock. The bay on which the navy yard is situated is called Port Orchard Bay. It is about two and a half miles wide at the widest place. The dry-dock is one of the greatest in the world. The water is so deep that a battleship can come up quite near to the shore. At the entrance to the dry-dock the gate or caisson sits. This gate keeps the water out of the dry-dock when it is not in use. When the dry-dock is to be used it has to be filled with water. The water is pumped into the dock through holes in the gate.

There are three ships tied up at the navy yard wharf here now. They are the cruiser 'Philadelphia,' the gunboat 'Ranger,' and a large coal boat. There are quite a number of large buildings in the navy yard, such as the steam engineering building, the blacksmith's shop, construction and repair building, the pump-house, and the office-building. There are two large buildings being built now. One is the carpenter's and joiner's shop and the other is the equipment building.

I read the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a very nice paper. I like to read it very much, and my favorite books are Louisa Alcott's works, Rosa Carey's works and the Elsie books. MATTIE M. P.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' over ten years now, and all enjoy it very much indeed. I have a nice pony, five years old. We call her Minnie. We have only had her a year, and I feed her lumps of sugar. She sometimes is pretty frisky, as she is full of fun. My birthday is on December 5. I will be twelve years of age then. In Owen Sound we have a kind of pleasure boat which runs from Balmy Beach to Owen Sound six times a day. This boat is called the 'Canada.' I think it can hold about five hundred or more. It just started yesterday to run again this summer. From Balmy Beach to Owen Sound is three miles. We have six in our family. I have two sisters and one brother. A sister of mine, fourteen years of age, died last September.

HELEN K. B. (age 11).

Middle Clyde, Shelburne Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from around here, I thought that I would write one. I think the 'Northern Messenger' a nice paper. I like the 'Correspondence' best. I go to school, and I am in the eighth grade. My brother also goes to school, and he is six years old. He has been going one half term, and is now in the third grade. We have two and one-half miles to go. My studies are Reading, Geography, Canadian History, British History, Grammar, Health Reader, Book-keeping, Arithmetic and Algebra. We do not have school in winter, as it is too far to walk in the snow. I live on a farm. My papa has a strawberry patch, and in summer we have some to sell. We have two cows, two calves, a pig, and a pair of oxen. and we have a horse named Nettie. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on May 18. I would like to see some correspondence to the 'Messenger' from my cousins at P. L. T. T. M. N.

Roskeen.

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I have written a letter to you. The holidays have come at last, and I am glad. The weather is so hot now that it is almost impossible to put your mind to your studies. Our school is a new one. It was built last fall. There is an attendance of ten scholars nearly every day, and there are four classes. On Friday in the afternoon after recess, we have recitations, readings, and sometimes songs. The C. N. Railway runs through here. They are laying the rails just now, and the train will soon be running. We have church and Sunday-school in the school here. I am secretary-treasurer of the Sunday-school. My eldest sister will soon be home from college, where she has been studying for a second. I have a brother who is ranching in the North-West Territories. He went out there this summer. He said that after they reached there, a big storm came up. It was a rain storm. There had been an awful one before they went out there, which had killed hundreds of cattle. He says there are dead cattle lying all over the country. The roses are out in bloom again, and the strawberries are getting ripe. Oh, how lovely Nature is! Sometimes I think that summer is the loveliest season of the year. But I cannot tell, because in the winter I have such fun. There was a big fire passed through our farm this spring, and it destroyed a great deal of it. It burned its way a long way up in the mountains, but after a time a rain storm came up and put it out. BERTHA M.

Cobden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I thought I would write and tell you about my trip to Ottawa, a distance of ninety miles. We had a splendid time. We went to the experimental farm and saw some of the loveliest flowers I have ever seen or will see. I am going to tell about another trip I had at Christmas to Sudbury.

Sudbury is a very pretty place, and I was twelve miles farther up, and there are a lot of mines of every description. Papa and my sister went to see them, but I did not, because it was snowing at the time. We live on a farm two miles from Cobden, and I go to school every day. I do not go to Cobden. I go to another small village called Oceola, about a mile and a half from home. Some of my favorite books are 'Elsie's Girlhood,' 'Blest and Unblest,' 'Big Brother Dick,' and I have read some of the Pansy books, and think they are very nice.

ESSIE P.

Balmoral, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm two and a half miles from the village of Balmoral. My father has taken the 'Messenger' for about thirty-five years. I like to read it very much, and would not like to be without it. I think the continued story, 'A Fight Against Odds,' is a very good and interesting one. My sister and I went to school nearly every day, but we have vacation now. Quite a number of the boys around here rob the bird's nests and kill squirrels and gophers; sometimes they kill birds, too. One day at school the teacher found a squirrel's nest in his desk. It had four little ones in it. At recess he told some of the boys to take them out, so they took them out and put them beside the wood-pile. When we started for home one of the girls took a little squirrel home, but it got away in a few days. One of the boys took two of them, and they killed the other. I think it was very cruel. It will soon be berry-picking time, then I shall have to pick berries. One of my brothers went to Saskatoon this summer to farm. We have twenty-eight head of cattle and five horses. We have thirteen cows milking this summer. GRETA D. M.

(Very neatly written.—Ed.)

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—We, that is, my class of girls and myself, send the 'Northern Messenger' to India, have for nearly two years, and have also been writing back and forth. This time I have received two letters in one envelope, but I think one is for you, so I will send both to you. I will also send a two-cent stamp to send them back again, as I would like to have them; or, if you want to keep yours, send mine back, anyway. I send the Pastor Picture Lesson Cards that are left over from our infant class, that is what he refers to in his letter.

Yours tryly,

EVA E. McCOLL.

Kaleru, 25, 3, '03.

My Dear Madam,—I received the 'Messenger' and little Bible lesson pictures. I gave them to many caste people by taking recitation, two verses for each card. Many of the children crowded around me to get their cards by reciting the verses. Many Brahmans, who are called the greatest of all castes, heard the Gospel through these cards. Therefore, I give many, many thanks to you. Sixteen souls have come to believe in Jesus during the past year (1902). Please remember our church in your earnest prayers. We owe unto you all, because of sending the Gospel to us in many ways. I do not know how many years it will take for my countrymen to stand on their own legs.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nearly a year, and like to read it. Having read so many interesting letters in your paper lately, I have come to the conclusion that I will write too. I have a brother who is older than I am. He is pastor of Pittapur church. I also have a sister who is younger than I am. She married a preacher named Ramaswami at Nakkapalli. I studied at Ongole College in the last year. There God called me as a pastor through the Rev. J. E. Davis. I discontinued my studies. Now I am a pastor of Ramachandrapuram church. I am working for the Lord from my childhood. I pray to God to be a good and faithful servant in my bachelorship.

MORTA PRAKASAM,
Ramachandrapuram, G. Dt.,
India.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Stale Bread and Its Uses.

It may be said that in well-regulated households stale bread is an unknown quantity. But so long as Mary Jane or Sarah, as the case may be, has control over the larder, it is safe to predict that many a mistress will find a more or less plentiful stock of dry remnants of loaves lurking in the depths of the bread-box.

To make a pudding of them is the common resource, and a bread-pudding, if nicely made, is a very good addition to a dinner. Here are two or three recipes for plain pudding:—

Soak your dry bread in boiling milk, or in milk and water if short of milk. When well soaked, beat it up with a fork, and add currants and sugar according to taste, and an egg well beaten. Mix all thoroughly together. A little nutmeg might be added by way of flavoring. Put it into a buttered basin, tie a cloth over, and boil about two hours.

Another recipe is as follows: Soak the dry crusts in boiling water in a basin, covering it closely. Then strain off the water and beat up the bread, adding about a quarter of a pound of chopped suet, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a few currants or raisins. Beat up an egg well and stir it in, with enough milk to moisten. Put the mixture into a buttered pie-dish, and bake for one hour.

A third variety of pudding is often made with thin slices of bread buttered, and placed in layers in a pie-dish, each layer being sprinkled with sugar and currants. Then pour over it an egg, beaten in a little milk. Bake for half an hour.

There are one or two ways by which slices of stale bread may be rendered palatable. If, after making any of the above puddings, there are still some slices remaining, they might be dipped in water, left a few minutes, and then toasted; or if fried in dripping a nice light brown, and then spread with bloater or anchovy paste, they would make quite a savory breakfast dish.

Yet another way of disposing of odd scraps of dry bread is to make a soup with them. This can be made with quite weak stock; the second boiling of the bones will do. Cut up some carrots and onions, and boil them with the stock, and when the vegetables are nearly done, break up the dry bread into it, and boil all well together, adding a little burnt onion or sugar to color it. This bread soup will be found to be both economical and nourishing.

An orange pudding would use a little of the dry bread. Soak some slices in a pie-dish in a little milk. Grate the rind of one or two oranges, and squeeze out the juice. Beat half an ounce of butter, the yolk of an egg, and one and a half ounce of sugar together. Add the juice and rind, and stir it well in. Pour the mixture over the bread. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven. When almost done, beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth with a little powdered sugar, pile it on the top, and brown lightly.—'McCall Magazine.'

A strip of flannel or a soft napkin, folded lengthwise, and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied around the neck of a child that has the croup, will often bring relief in a few minutes.

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